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POSTAGE.—One cent paid for foreign or domestic postage on the daily or weekly issues, when not exceeding twelve pages.

TIMES-MIRROR TELEPHONES.

Business Office, No. 29, 29.

Editorial Rooms, No. 29, 29.

Times-Mirror Printing House, No. 433.

Address.

The Times-Mirror Company.

Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

ENTERED AT POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Vol. XVIII.

No. 178.

TELL THE STORY TO THE WORLD.

Valuable Facts About the Southern Country for Circulation.

The Times will, within the next few days, publish a second edition of 15,000 copies of the supplement of Sunday last, containing Charles Dudley Warner's article from Harper's Magazine on "Our Italy," and also his later sketch, from the December Harper (printed today), entitled "The Winter of Our Content." The regular editions of over 8000 copies, containing each of these valuable articles, have already been circulated, but the demand for extra copies has been sufficient to justify this special issue, of which 8000 more copies have already been ordered. Orders are now being received at the business office of THE TIMES, and by mail, for copies of this special edition at the rate of \$1.50 per 100, or \$15 per 1000. Citizens are requested to send in orders, as no more valuable literature than this article, descriptive of Southern California, can be disseminated. The price is a mere bagatelle.

Why should any Republican vote against Hazard or for either Ling or Ward?

Let us take as the motto of the moment the title to William Dean Howells' late novel, i. e., "A Hazard of New Fortunes."

Two more banks failed yesterday, one in Philadelphia and one in Minneapolis. It is believed that the worst of the trouble is now over.

The next ghost-dance will be held late on next Monday night by the tribes of Ling and Ward. The performance of the bereaved bucks will be on empty stomachs.

"THE WINTER OF OUR CONTENT," Charles Dudley Warner's latest contribution to Harper's Magazine, is printed, substantially in full, on the tenth page of today's TIMES.

FARNELL does not improve his case, the further he goes. Both Gladstone and Morley dispute Farnell's statements, made in his manifesto, and their words will be accepted in preference to his.

The Democratic nominee will not die a Ling-ering death tomorrow. His taking off will be as sudden as his venture was Hazardous. He will know his fate ere sun-down, and cannot Ward it off. See?

Our esteemed contemporary the Herald doesn't even make a stagger at swallowing Al Ling. Crow is good, but there are certain breeds of that gay and festive bird, which has such a buzzy flavor, that even a Democratic stomach wouldn't stand. We commend the Herald's exhibition of level-headedness and weak-stomachiness to the Democrats of Los Angeles who know a bad thing when they see it, as well as a good one.

REPORTS are current of a bag sack, ready to be opened in the interest of certain councilmen. If this proves to be the case—and it can easily be determined on election day—the man or men who go into the business of buying votes should be snowed under beyond the reach of the biggest rotary snow-plow on earth. A man cannot afford to spend much money for an office that pays a hundred dollars a month, unless he expects to rob somebody. Look out for the sack!

In the Ninth Ward, the opponent of Mr. Rees, the Republican nominee for the Council, is a man whose name is not borne upon the assessment roll. Cobb, the Democratic nominee, is a small shopkeeper, but confesses, it is said, that the only money he ever made in his life was obtained through "politics." He is not good material for a municipal law-maker, whereas his opponent, Mr. Rees, is a business man of standing, means and capacity. It will be to the ward's interest to vote down Cobb and vote up Rees.

In a recent editorial THE TIMES gave credit to the citizens of Pomona for having given land for the experiment station at that place. The Chino Champion says that the land and water was given by Mr. Richard Gird, the Pomona people having raised the necessary funds for the erection of buildings. The Champion adds:

It is quite certain that but for Mr. Gird's liberal donations of land and water, the station would have been located where it is, or within many miles of the place.

THE TIMES had momentarily overlooked the fact of Mr. Gird's beneficence.

## OUR RURAL POPULATION.

The facts regarding the rural population of the State, as developed by the census, and to which attention has been drawn by William H. Mills, have caused much surprise and comment among Californians. The census showed us that some New England States have made little progress during the past ten years, while one of them—Vermont—actually shows a slight falling off, but that some sections of California should have decreased in population during the decade appeared almost incredible, especially as the sections referred to are not mining districts, but old-settled farming regions which are still fertile. Mr. Mills shows that the grain-growing counties of Solano, Colusa, Yolo, Tehama, Butte, Yuba, Sutter and Sacramento show no increase whatever during the past ten years, so far as their rural population is concerned.

Among the explanations which have been offered for this remarkable condition of affairs is the fact that the use of improved machinery has made it possible for one farmer to make a living for a much larger number of persons than was formerly the case. Consequently, there is not the necessity for farm labor in the grain-growing districts that there once was. On the other hand, the work in fruit-growing communities employs a large number of persons—men, women and children—and by a judicious variation in the crops grown, this work can be made to last all the year round. Ten acres in fruit will support as large a population as 100 acres in grain, and the one will be a population of families, while the other will be composed mainly of single men. The fruit-growing counties are increasing their rural population, while the grain-growing counties are decreasing, but this need not cause us alarm, as horticulture is becoming more and more the rural industry *par excellence* of California.

## DON'T SWAP HORSES.

The Republicans of Los Angeles should not be led off at this time after strange gods. A band of would-be reformers have kicked up a dust through which they are trying to make catpaws of the people who imagine that, because a ticket is called "Reform," it must have some elements of purity about it that make it better than one put in the field by their own party. It would be a public calamity to defeat Mayor Hazard at this time, and we believe the good judgment of our citizens will retain him in the chair he has filled for the past term with such signal ability. Ward is a man utterly inexperienced in municipal affairs—a Bourbon Democrat from the times before de Wa—and his candidacy should receive no consideration from thinking men. If there was any grievance against Mayor Hazard because of his not signing the Sunday-closing ordinance, it has been allayed. That measure became a law yesterday because of his signature, thus showing his acquiescence in the will of the people. It is municipal hard times. We have had at the head of city affairs a man who has been tried, and not found wanting. Remember the advice of that sage and martyr, Lincoln: "Never swap horses while crossing a stream."

## MEN AND BRETHREN, STAND BY!

It behooves the people of Los Angeles to look carefully at the situation in municipal politics at this time. We are at a period where a mistake may be made that will cost us dearly. The Republicans have presented a good ticket, certainly one as strong generally as is any ticket advanced by regulars or side shows; and so far as the head of it is concerned, infinitely superior to either of the others.

Henry Hazard has made a competent and honest Mayor. Whenever the city's interests have needed guarding, he has guarded them. He has stood many times all alone, but has done so with dignity and manliness. He should be returned to the office by a big majority. There is no mistake about this, and if the voters of the city who pay the taxes of the municipality, and have its best interests at heart, will calmly review the situation, they will make no mistake in casting their ballots. Stand by Henry Hazard! He is the friend of the people and honest government.

## ANOTHER OUTBREAK.

And now Man-with-the-sun-burnt-lung, a wily red-skin of the Fifth Ward, has broken out into a ghost-dance all by his lonesome self, and is creating no little degree of alarm in the political regions of that quarter. He is evidently looking for a chance to join the ghost-dance at the City Hall for the next year. A body of regulars are on his trail, however, and he will likely be run into the agency in a day or two, and put on short rations. Meanwhile the balance of the municipal renegades are keeping up their lick and will continue their dance over Sunday, to the great disquietment of the settlers in their vicinity.

## AMAZING GREASE.

R. A. Ling for Mayor! Ye gods and little fishes! did any party ever before put up such a candidate as this for the suffrages of an intelligent people? Think of it! To pass by such men as T. B. Brown, Tom Rowan, Billy Workman, William Lacy and the scores of other good timber, and be compelled to ask votes for a candidate whose caliber is so small that it wouldn't reach up to the first round of the Mayor's chair! Are the people of Los Angeles ready to turn over the great affairs of this growing city to the care of such hands as his? We don't believe it!

## DON'T EXPERIMENT.

It is of the greatest importance to all good citizens who have the welfare of this city at heart to stand by Henry Hazard. It is by no means a question of politics, but simply a question of policy and good common sense. There was at one time an apparent reason why a reform ticket would do

## to tie, but the situation has changed.

As a specimen of the political circus and ghost dance that would ensue should that movement succeed, we may cite the one that took place Friday night when a hump end of the Committee of One Hundred pulled down Mayor Hazard's name from the head of their ticket and put up that experienced Bourbon, John Shirley Ward, in his place.

It is no time to try experiments of that kind. Hazard is a known quantity. He has made one of the best Mayors the city ever had. He has been vigilant and bold, and has conducted the office with unquestioned honesty. He should be re-elected by a big vote.

## WARD III.

The Third Ward fight is triangular, and there is a "heap" of political ghost-dancing going on in the underbrush of that balliwick. The contending chiefs are the braves Bonnell, Gassen and Bryant, the bad medicine-man of his tribe. Bonnell is the Republican nominee and the incumbent; Gassen is the Democratic nominee, who has before been defeated for the office, and still has an unpleasant lodgment in the nostrils of even his own party; and Bryant is a Democratic bolter, mug-wump and fresh-frosted Reformer, who wears that "strange device," the "streaked and striped" mantle of the Illinois Hall Combination—the flag and of it, however. A good many people in the ward do not like the style and dimensions of Herr Gassen, and may be under the impression that they will mend matters by voting for Bryant; but in this they are mistaken. If they want to defeat Gassen, let them vote for Bonnell.

## ELECTION BALLOTS.

The Times-Mirror printing and binding house has been turning out thousands of election ballots within the last few days, for all grades and conditions of candidates, without regard to race, color or previous condition of political servitude. Orders filled on an hour's notice, on a "strictly business" basis.

C. P. HUNTINGTON, before he left for the East, suggested to the State Board of Trade that it send out agents to go among the people of California, and obtain from those who have become permanent residents, and learned the country, letters to their friends and acquaintances in the East, setting forth the true advantages of California as a place of residence. Mr. Huntington is inclined to think this would be an effective kind of advertising. We think that there may be something in the suggestion, but doubt its entire practicability. The practice of writing "back East" letters which contain much more than purely personal matters would, we fear, soon lapse into desuetude. Possibly a stimulus might be furnished to lazy people by having them supplied with four-page sheets of writing paper containing upon one, two or three of the pages carefully condensed and valuable information about the State—the large facts succinctly and clearly presented. Upon the remaining (blank) page the able citizen could, in his intervals of the siesta, write his letter. If the effort proved too great for his intellect, he might muster up energy enough to emulate the naturally tired man who had his prayer printed upon a card and hung up at the side of his bed, and when he "turned in" all he had to do was to roll over and say, "O, Lord, them's my sentiments."

The Indians in the southwest are reported to be growing insolent since the number of troops has been reduced. If there should be a simultaneous uprising of northwestern and southwestern Indians it would be a serious matter, but it would probably lead to a thorough revival of our Indian policy and save many lives, in the long run.

The report published in yesterday's TIMES, foreshadowing the appointment of a private secretary to the incoming Governor, was yesterday confirmed by Col. Markham himself. He authorized the statement that he has decided upon the appointment of Mr. Higgins to the responsible position named.

## AMUSEMENTS.

LOS ANGELES THEATRE.—The closing performances of Clara Morris yesterday were fairly well attended, and the financial results of the week's engagement were, no doubt, satisfactory to the management.

The attraction for the present week, beginning tomorrow night, is an exhibition of Gen. Grant's trained dogs and ponies, an entertainment that has been highly extolled.

GRAND OPERAHOUSE.—Herrman's vaudeville closed last night after a good week's business. The house will be kept open this week with Kelly and Williams in a musical skit entitled "You and I," in which they will be assisted by Miss Florrie West, who enjoys the reputation of being a clever soubrette.

Them Songs Jim Riley Sings. I don't quite understand 'em 'tis, but sometimes I grab my heart.

And I wince 'till the dampness makes my old eyes fairly smart.

But it 'pears to happen ever 'time I priss them little things.

That's printed in the magaz'nes—them songs Jim Riley sings.

I hear 'em 'em the chatterin' of the blue-jays in the trees.

The noddin' tassels of the corn a rustlin' in the breeze.

And the cows a trompin' up the lane with a clinkin' of their rings.

A chum's right in with them songs—them songs Jim Riley sings.

I seem to see the fences where the chipmunk climbs the rails.

And on the barn-door hear the poundin' of the farmer's flail.

And in the back bushes see the quails whose whirrin' wings.

Gee a rippin' through the music of them songs Jim Riley sings.

Oh! I tell you there's no Brownin' business 'bout that kind of rhyme.

'Na societies to interpret 't'd be a waste of time.

But when it comes to searchin' hearts 'n hidden fountains of things

You don't get things much searchin' 'n them songs Jim Riley sings.

For it 'pears to be his reg'lar style to get right to the spot.

And make a feller show up feelin' that he'd rather not.

In fact I have a idee that the angels pick their strings.

And line into the chorus of them songs Jim Riley sings.

HANK WAGONER.

## THE MAGIC FAILED.

## A Warrior's Implicit Faith Leads to His Death.

Bullet-proof Shirts Which Fail to Serve Their Purpose.

A Conference with Indian Chiefs at the Pine Ridge Agency.

The Redskins Preparing to Go Into Winter Quarters at the Bad Lands—The Messiah Medium.

By Telegraph to The Times.

OMAHA, Nov. 29.—[By the Associated Press.] The Bee's Pine Ridge correspondent telegraphs tonight that all appears to be in readiness for a move with the cavalry, presumably against the ghost dancers, but no information has been obtained. The correspondent has learned that troops are now stationed all around the discontented Indians in such a manner that the latter could be rounded up and confronted by an overwhelming force without delay. The dancing continues at Wounded Knee.

A scout in this morning tells a story which may shake the faith of the dancers. The medicine men concocted a fluid in which war arrows were to be dipped, after which they would be proof against bullets. One buck had his shirt prepared, and, putting it on, jumped into the circle and ordered the dancers to the facts. Several did, and the bullet-proof man fell mortally wounded.

ST. PAUL, Nov. 29.—A Pioneer Press special from Pine Ridge Agency says that a conference was held today between the special agent, George A. Royer and ex-Agent McGillicuddy, and Chiefs Bad Yellow Hair, Little Wound, Little Bear and Broken Arm. Little Wound was spokesman for the many questions submitted to him met with evasive answers. He frequently asserted that he did not want war with the whites. He said that the dance was organized by the Indians because they have an accumulation of grievances, and used this means to exhibit their discontent. One great cause of trouble seems to be jealousy among the chiefs and Indians. Little Wound made several statements which were directly at variance with the facts, and therefore all of his talk was taken with an allowance.

The sensational reports last night that a battle was imminent had no foundation. The correspondent asserts that investigations show the misunderstanding of the Indian Bureau is largely responsible for all of the trouble.

## CO-WE-JO, THE MEDIUM.

How the Coming of the Messiah Was Foretold to the Indians.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—[By the Associated Press.] Mr. Mayhugh, until recently special census agent for the Indians of Nevada, has written the Indian Bureau about the alleged Messiah, who has been referred to in these dispatches as "John Sides." Mayhugh says that his name is not Sides, but Capt. Jack Wilson, and he is known to the Indians as Co-we-Jo. He goes into trances seemingly for hours, in the presence of gatherings of Indians. On coming out of these trances he tells them that he has been to heaven conferring with the Messiah; that the latter is coming to the earth, and will put the Indians in possession of it, etc.

The agent says that the whole thing Grant, about sixteen miles north of the Walker River Agency building.

Mayhugh says that the Indians hold that if the Indians are let alone at the various reservations the whole thing will die out. All of the Walker Lake Indians do not believe in it, although Chief Joseph does. Co-we-Jo's influence is greatly strengthened by the fact that he has once or twice predicted the coming of rain when badly needed.

## IN THE BAD LANDS.

The Hostiles Preparing to Go Into Winter Quarters.

PIERRE (S. D.), Nov. 29.—[By the Associated Press.] The fact that several companies of troops have reached the Bad Lands country, and will head off any marauding Indians has resulted in the subsidence to a large extent of the scare. An Indian who was sent to Big Foot and Hump's camps at the mouth of Cherry Creek some time ago returned to Fort Bennett today, and says that the intention of the hostiles is to join Sapt Bull at the Cherry Creek Agency during the winter on cattle quartered in the Bad Lands. He said that there was a number of educated Indians among the hostile bands who came to Pierre regularly and bought copies of the papers.

These they took back and read to the other Indians. The Indians he said, enjoyed greatly the reports of growing alarm everywhere among the whites. It seemed to strengthen their belief that the Messiah was coming, and that the whites were ready either to die off or to leave the land to the Indians.

## CODY AND SITTING BULL.

Buffalo Bill Proceeding to the Chief's Camp.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 29.—[By the Associated Press.] A special from the Standing Rock Agency to the Tribune says: Buffalo Bill and Powell had been many hours at the agency today before the report was spread that they had come for the purpose of arresting Sitting Bull and removing him from the reservation. Cody and one or two others left for Bull's camp about noon. Trouble is anticipated in case an arrest is attempted, and the soldiers at Fort Yates are prepared for a campaign at a moment's notice.

Information was obtained tonight that the commanding officer of the post had received instructions from General Miles to postpone the arrest of Sitting Bull for the present. Agent McLaughlin has couriers out to catch Buffalo Bill. Messengers from Bull's camp last night reported the dance going on, but everything was quiet.

## THE GENERAL SITUATION.

Gen. Miles Holds a Consultation With the Secretary of War.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—[By the Associated Press.] Gen. Miles arrived this evening from Chicago, and spent several hours in consultation with Secretary Proctor and Maj.-Gen. Schofield in regard to Indian matters. Secretary Proctor

## approved of his course and told him that the President had decided that he be given the fullest discretion in the hope that the threatened outbreak might be averted without bloodshed if possible.

THE KIOWAS AND COMANCHES.

PARIS (Tex.), Nov. 29.—Information reached here tonight from the Comanche and Kiowa reservations that a great number have joined the Cheyennes and Arapahoes in the Messiah craze, and are now in full force on the Canadian River, where a ghost dance is in progress. It is estimated that 3000 are there, all armed and with plenty of cattle.

## THE LOWER BRULE.

ST. PAUL, Nov. 29.—A Chamberlain, S. D., special to the Pioneer Press says that the Indian police of the Lower Brule made several more arrests today, but the dance still continues at White River. No danger is apprehended.

## THE UNPROTECTED SOUTHWEST.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 29.—A telegram from Fort Sill calls attention to the fact that troops are being drawn away from the west and southwest to Dakota, leaving the inhabitants in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona exposed to danger from wild, fierce tribes. The blanket Indians in the southwestern part of Indian Territory have caught the "Messiah" craze and are dancing.

## THE NAVAJOES DANCING.

FORT WINGATE (N. M.), Nov. 29.—Rumors are current of a probable uprising among the Navajo Indians. The sudden departure of the Sixth cavalry to attacking a number of Navajo. Post traders and others report them as insolent and overbearing. They are holding dances, and it is believed that the Messiah craze has reached the Navajo country. According to a dance near the limit of the post under the lead of medicine men. The ranchers report cattle being killed, horses stolen and cowboys attacked.

## INSOLENT OSAGES.

ARKANSAS CITY (Kan.), Nov. 29.—A trader from the Osage reservation says that the Osage Indians have begun the ghost-dance, and are very ugly and insolent. They are well armed, and the richest and most powerful tribe in the Territory, outside of the Five Nations. The agent has asked for assistance.

## IN INDIAN TERRITORY.

ARKANSAS CITY (Kan.), Nov. 29.—Indian Commissioner Morgan arrived in the city this evening after an extended tour over various reservations in the Indian territory. According to his account, the ghost dances have almost entirely ceased, and there is no prospect of trouble down there.

## WORK AT GREYTOWN.

PRELIMINARY DREDGING ON THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

The Harbor Deepened by Several Feet—One of the Panama Digging Machines Lost at Sea.

By Telegraph to The Times.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 29.—[By the Associated Press.] A letter was received this morning by Capt. Merry from Captain George Davis, general manager of the Nicaragua Canal, detailing the facts concerning the progress of the work. The loss of the dredge Ferdinand de Lesseps, previously reported, is alluded to, and Capt. Davis says that it was one of the oldest dredges of the Slavin plant. There are still five dredges from the Panama Canal plant, all of which are better than the dredge lost at sea.

There are also now at Greytown two section dredges, the property of the North American Dredge Company, which are adapted to work on the bar.

Still another dredge, being completed in Scotland which will prove a powerful adjunct. This can work on the bar in rough weather, and is consequently styled "Sea Bird." It is expected that this dredging plant will be sufficient to complete the section which is adapted to the eastern side.

Capt. Davis also writes the substance of the last report received from Chief Engineer Menocal from Greytown. The City of Paris has been set to work cutting a furrow from the inner harbor toward the inner bar.

The result of this will be the opening of a channel permitting the entrance of vessels of fourteen-foot draught. Mr. Menocal expected that within a fortnight from the time his letter left Greytown this first preliminary opening will be completed. As soon as that was done it was his purpose to place one of the section dredges in the channel and use that means of deepening and widening the artificial channel which he expected to make immediately to the westward of the jetty. It is being extended as fast as material for it can be procured. The proper, which was opened by natural causes after the breakwater had been extended some six hundred feet, is further to the westward half a mile or so. By means of this channel an entrance is effected for vessels of eight or nine feet draught.

## GIVEN UP FOR LOST.

The Steamer Strathairn a Month Overdue From Japan.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 29.—[By the Associated Press.] The steamer Strathairn is about given up as lost by shipping men. She left Nagasaki for this port September 18, and should have arrived here in thirty days at the farthest. She has not been heard from in seventy-two days. No incoming steamers or ships plying along her intended course have sighted her. The loss will fall heavily on local insurance companies, who nearly all held risks. The Strathairn's cargo consisted of sugar consigned to this city and valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars. She was a comparatively new steamer, having been built in 1888 at Glasgow.

## A New Lumber Schooner.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 29.—The local lumber fleet, now numbering 350 vessels, has just received a new and handsome addition. The Gardner Mill Company contracted some time ago with Bendixen, the builder, to construct a new schooner. The craft has been launched and christened the Sadie. Her carrying capacity is 400,000 feet of lumber. Captain Smith, formerly of the schooner Ocean Spray, Una and Zampa, has taken command of her and is expected here in a few days with a full cargo.

## August Belmont's Funeral.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—The funeral of the late August Belmont was conducted in the Church of the Ascension today. The edifice was crowded. The pall-bearers included ex-President Grover Cleveland and Gov. Hill.

## A CLOSE SECRET.

## Dr. Koch Will Not Analyze His Consumption Cure.

The Manufacture of Lymph to be Fostered by Prussia.

Foreign Physicians Will Be Invited to Study the Remedy.

The Great European Premiers Expected to Hold a Conference at Berlin—Miscellaneous News from Abroad.

By Telegraph to The Times.

BERLIN, Nov. 29.—[Copyright 1890, by the New York Associated Press.] In Diet today Minister Vongossier, replying to interpretations, said that the aspirations cast upon certain physicians engaged in using Koch's lymph had proved groundless. Care had been taken, he said, to make the remedy perfectly accessible to the poor. In the course of time the preparation of the lymph will be entrusted to competent persons employed by the state. There was no good ground yet to hope that the remedy would be found efficacious in the treatment of other diseases than tuberculosis. A private gentleman had given a million marks to be used for the benefit of poor sufferers from tuberculosis. Regarding the question of placing the manufacture of the lymph under the exclusive control of the state, he said that a feeling of satisfaction would be experienced throughout the world if Prussia should set her stamp on the lymph. The government would eventually invite other nations to send representatives to study the use of the medicine in order that they might supply it in their own countries. The ministerial statement, indicating as it does an intention to prolong the guarding of the secret of the lymph, greatly disappoints foreign medical men here.

Since the French developments have shattered Gladstone's chances of return to power, the report is current here that Lord Salisbury will come to Berlin on visit. This is believed to imply a meeting between Capri, Kainok, Cripot and Salisbury, and a more open adhesion by the English government to the policy of the Driedbund. The extinction of Gladstone is the most grateful news that Emperor and his circle have ever heard from England.

The first bill to come before the Reichstag Tuesday will be one providing for raising the revenue from sugar from 60,000 marks, 93,000 marks, to be effected by abolishing the tariff on raw sugar and increasing the duty on refined. The bill says that the export bounty system has cost the consumers of Germany 31,500,000 marks annually, 19,500,000 marks of which was exacted in duties and the remainder additional cost to the consumer.

The Reichstag will be asked for 50,000,000 marks for the army, partly to provide new munitions and partly to alter the French law, which prohibits the tariff on refined sugar and increasing the duty on raw sugar. The bill says that the export bounty system has cost the consumers of Germany 31,500,000 marks annually, 19,500,000 marks of which was exacted in duties and the remainder additional cost to the consumer.

## DEFEATED ON THE TARIFF.

A Vote Adverse to the Government in the French Deputies.

PARIS, Nov. 29.—[By Cable and Associated Press.] The defeat of the government yesterday in the Chambers on the question of taking up the loan discussion before the budget was considered by the ministry today. They decided that it ought to affect Minister Rouvier's position. The government tariff proposition was a duty of 12 per double hundredweight on all kinds of salt meats. The Tariff Sub-Committee has made a new classification, imposing a duty of 120 on sausages and other preserved meats and 115 on bacon and lard. Minister of Commerce Roche informed the committee that the government persists in its demand for the 12 duty, as a low tariff is indispensable in order to procure from the United States a modification of the McKinley law. He also objected to the proposal to increase the tariff on canned meats, fresh mutton and pork products.

The committee's report, however, disregards the protests and will be opposed by the government, the ministers concurring in the opinion that it is necessary to keep the tariff sufficiently elastic to make it possible to offer reciprocal advantages to the United States.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Earthquakes in Lower Austria Cause a Panic.

VIENNA, Nov. 29.—[By Cable and Associated Press.] Serious shocks of earthquake were felt at Mauerndorf, Lower Austria, today. Houses oscillated and spires of churches swung to and fro, causing the bells to clash. The inhabitants were panic-stricken and fled to the open country.

## MET WITH SERIOUS LOSSES.

LISBON, Nov. 29.—Dispatches from Benguela state that the Portuguese expedition to Bibe met with serious losses. After three days' fighting the Portuguese forces gained a victory over a petty king.

## EIGHTY-SEVEN BODIES.

BERLIN, Nov. 29.—Eighty-seven bodies have been found in the flooded Anna pit.

## MURDER MOST FOUL.



## AT WASHINGTON.

## A Graceful Tribute to the Nation's Parent.

Brazilian Officers Decorate Washington's Tomb with Flowers.

The Pension Bureau's Estimate of Next Year's Expenditures.

Treasury Notes of Small Denominations Ordered Issued by Secretary Windom—A Silver Convention Called.

By Telegram to The Times.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—[By the Associated Press.] The Brazilian naval officers were taken down the river to Mount Vernon this morning. When the party reached Washington's tomb the American naval officers were surprised and delighted to see a floral piece, five feet in height, the center of which was a facsimile of the Brazilian flag, under which was inscribed in white immortelles:

In Memory of the Great Washington, from the Navy of Brazil.

In the evening the Brazilians were entertained at dinner by the Metropolitan Club. Among the guests were Secretaries Blaine and Tracy.

## WASHINGTON NOTES.

The Public Debt Increased Four Millions in November.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—[By the Associated Press.] Charles A. Shurtliff has been appointed assistant United States Attorney for the Northern District of California.

In order to meet as far as possible the present heavy demand for notes of small denominations Secretary Windom has decided to issue \$10, \$5 and \$1 Treasury notes for larger denominations.

The estimated public debt, less cash in the treasury, has increased \$4,000,000 during November, due principally to heavy payments during the month.

The Pension appropriation bill for the next fiscal year has been agreed upon by the sub-committee, and will be reported to the full committee Monday. It appropriates the full amount estimated necessary by the Commissioner of Pensions, except on estimates for clerk hire, fuel and light, which are out of the \$100,000 for the payment of pensions \$133,173,083 appropriated, and for examining surgeons \$500,000, an increase of \$500,000 over the current fiscal year.

THE NATIONAL SILVER COMMITTEE.

A. J. Warner, chairman, and Lee Crandall, secretary, of the National Executive Silver Committee, have given notice that a meeting of the committee will take place in this city December 10.

Bringing King Kalakaua.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—The Secretary of State has been informed that the United States ship Charleston has sailed from Honolulu for San Francisco, having King Kalakaua on board. He makes the trip for the benefit of his health. The vessel is expected in San Francisco by the 5th proximo.

## IN FINANCIAL STRAITS.

The Jamison Failure More Disastrous Than Reported.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 29.—[By the Associated Press.] The failure of B. K. Jamison & Co. divided the attention of the street this morning with the startling publication of John A. Baker, Jr.'s, gigantic forgery. The general opinion seems to be that the failure of Jamison & Co. will be worse than at first reported. The firm is said to have been large borrowers lately, and several financial institutions of this city are thought to have been heavily injured. The liabilities of the firm are variously estimated at from \$50,000 to \$1,500,000, but such estimates are the merest guess-work.

Beyond the statement given last night no information in regard to Baker's enormous speculations will be made public by the absconder's family. The general impression is that Baker made good his escape from the country and will not be apprehended.

From figures obtained tonight, the indications are that the liabilities of Jamison & Co. will exceed \$1,000,000. The State Treasurer of Pennsylvania has entered two suits in the Common Pleas Court against Jamison & Co. upon bonds to secure payment of \$25,000 state money which the firm is said to have had in their possession.

DRAWN UNDER BY JAMISON.

PITTSBURGH (Pa.), Nov. 29.—A dispatch from Edensburg, Pa., says that Johnston, Buck & Co. have closed their doors. The assets and liabilities are not known. The failure is a result of that of Jamison & Co., the bank's correspondents. A statement has not yet been made public, but the bank expects to be able to pay all depositors in full. The heaviest loser is the County Treasurer, who has a deposit of \$20,000 in the bank.

CLOSED TEMPORARILY.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 29.—A Duluth special says: The private bank of Hall & Co. closed its doors this afternoon, temporarily. In the run yesterday \$30,000 of the \$70,000 deposits were drawn out. No runs were made on other banks. The bank expects to pay in full.

## HAD A PLEASANT TRIP.

But Mr. Villard Refuses to Talk of Business Matters.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—[By the Associated Press.] Henry Villard arrived at Hoboken this morning on the steamer Aller from Bremen. He seemed in excellent humor. There were assembled on the pier to greet him a couple of dozen friends, most of them prominent Wall-street men, among them several North American directors. All said that they had no fear but that he would right matters in a short time. Villard was questioned about the prospects of the Northern Pacific and North American. "I don't know," he said. "I have had an excellent time in Europe. I enjoyed myself immensely and had a fine voyage. That is all I have to say at present."

Nothing whatever could be elicited from Villard regarding the financial entanglement in which his railroad and other enterprises are involved.

Wood's Electrocutation Delayed. Since Nov. 29.—Arrangements for the electrocution of Wood, the colored murderer, are about completed, but tonight Warden Brush was

served with a citation to appear before the United States Supreme Court on the first Monday in January to show cause why an error in Wood's trial should not be corrected, the murderer's attorney appealing on the ground of the exclusion of colored men from the jury.

## FARM MACHINERY TRUSTS.

Threshing-machine Men Arranging a Combination.

CHICAGO, Nov. 29.—[By the Associated Press.] It is understood that a meeting will be held here shortly to perfect the organization of the American Harvester Company, recently organized in this State. It is a combination of all the reaper and mower establishments in this country, with a capital of \$35,000,000, making it one of the strongest combinations of the country. It will employ 15,000 men. The aggregate value of its property is \$70,000,000. Its promoters say that they propose to reduce the cost of manufacture and price to the farmer. They will also manufacture binding-tine extensively and sell at reduced cost.

A local paper says: the threshing-machine men of the country are forming a trust. It is known that a temporary organization was formed by representative men in that business, and that very soon articles of incorporation will be filed, covering a combine with a capital stock of at least \$20,000,000. A secret meeting was held yesterday afternoon, at which the general features of the contemplated combine were discussed.

## THE KNIGHTS IN POLITICS.

No New Party, but a Little Private Platform.

SCRANTON (Pa.), Nov. 29.—[By the Associated Press.] Powderly tonight said, in an interview, that the General Assembly had authorized him to call a convention of the labor leaders and workers in February next to frame a platform of principles to be presented to the people of the country for ratification. It will bear an issue to be voted for in Congressional and legislative elections. He hinted that a new party would not result from the Florida convention next week, but that hereafter Alliance members and Knights of Labor will vote for as well as work for their principles.

## THE COUNT COMPLETE.

HOW SAN FRANCISCO VOTED AT THE RECENT ELECTION.

Pond Received a Plurality of 211 Votes in the City for Governor.

—Sandserson's Majority Over 3000.

By Telegram to The Times.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 29.—[By the Associated Press.] The official count of the city of San Francisco was concluded tonight, and shows that Pond received a plurality of 211 votes. The figures are: Markham 27,218, Pond 27,429. All of the other candidates on the Republican State ticket received pluralities ranging from a few hundred votes to over four thousand, with an exception in the case of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, where Coffey (Dem.) received a plurality of 1200.

The vote for Congressmen of the Fourth District was: Cutting (Rep.) 12,180; Ferris (Dem.) 12,091. In the Fifth District (Rep.) received 5849, Cline (Dem.) 12,700.

Anderson (Rep.) for Mayor received 3,908 plurality. So far as the city ticket is concerned the official count does not alter the result, as announced just after the election. The only Democrats elected on the city ticket are Freese for Public Administrator, and Sanderson for Superior Judge.

## A SIDE-SHOW TO THE FAIR.

Californians Preparing to Advertise the State's Products.

CHICAGO, Nov. 29.—[By the Associated Press.] There is considerable speculation in World's Fair circles as to what national commissioners will be on the Committee of Control, which will be the arbitrator of all important questions connected with the exposition. The following names are most frequently mentioned: Martindale, Indiana; Lindsay, Kentucky; Sewell, New Jersey; Harrison, Virginia; Massey, Delaware; Waller, Connecticut; Buchanan, Texas; De Young, California; and Goodell, Colorado.

A party of California gentlemen have leased from May 1, next, a 100-acre tract south of Jackson Park. The lease is made on a 6 per cent. basis on \$700 per acre valuation. The gentlemen will use it partly for the purpose of displaying the fruit products of California and partly as an immense race track. The orange-men of California are making arrangements to plant a grove of thirty acres.

## Striking Against Machines.

ROCHESTER (N. Y.), Nov. 29.—There has been a strike in the Cox Shoe Manufacturing Company since June last against the introduction of lasting machines. Twenty-one leading manufacturers signed a manifesto which was published today, agreeing that on and after December 1 they will dismiss all members of the Boot and Shoemakers' Union until such time as the strike against Cox & Co. shall have been abandoned.

## A Gincinnati Assignment.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 29.—Easton & Clark, carriage manufacturers, assigned this evening. The failure is attributed to the discontinuance of the houses at Kansas City and San Francisco. The estimated assets are \$100,000; liabilities \$75,000. The firm asserts that it will pay dollar for dollar. The failure was a great surprise.

## A Prominent Divine Dead.

LINCOLN (Neb.), Nov. 29.—Rev. R. C. Barrow, for twenty-five years State evangelist of the Christian church, and one of the most widely-known divines in the Western country, died this evening, aged 58.

## Died Suddenly of Heart Disease.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Alexander Schussel, representative in this city of Fleischner, Mayer & Co., Portland, Or., died suddenly this evening at the Marlborough Hotel of heart disease.

## DOWN TO EVEN TIME.

STAMBOUL'S RECORD STANDS NOW AT 2:11.

The Noble Stallion Beats the Scythian-bearer by a Quarter of a Second—A Racing at Bay District.

By Telegram to The Times.

STOCKTON (Cal.), Nov. 29.—[By the Associated Press.] Stamboul trotted a mile over the Stockton track today, lowering his record to 2:11. The first quarter was made in 33 seconds, and the half in 1:05. It was a splendid performance, and the horse finished easily. He was urged just before reaching the wire with a light tap of the whip, and responded strongly.

When Stamboul came on the track it was apparent that he was in splendid condition. His head was up and he moved it about proudly, as if he was ready to do his best. Hickok was confident of making a fast mile, and when he saw the official time he said: "What a pity it was I couldn't have fished out another quarter of a second. But it is in the horse, and he'll do it yet." The horse is to be sent home Monday, and will probably not trot again this season.

Harry Whitting drove a runner, and at Hickok's direction passed Stamboul twice, which made the stallion increase his speed. The finish is said to be the best ever seen on this fast track. Shippee's fast two-year-old pacer, Chief Thorne, was driven against his record of 2:24, and made a wonderful performance, lowering his record to 2:20. The colt made a bad break by getting too near the fence, but he recovered quickly, and made a fast finish. Mount Vernon trotted against 2:21 and made 2:23. Princess Alice paced a mile in 2:18. Shippee's Moses S trotted to beat his record of 2:19 made last week and made the circuit without a skip in 2:20. These events closed the record of the meeting.

## THE BLOOD HORSE RACES.

Last Day of a Successful Meeting at Bay District.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 29.—[By the Associated Press.] The first event of the last regular day of the Blood Horse Association's fall meeting was the unfinished heat of Thanksgiving day between Rico and Ida Glenn. Rico won in 1:01.

Two-year-old handicap, fifteen sixteenths of a mile: Nero won, Sir Walter second, Conrad third. Time 1:34.

Natal stakes, mile and quarter: Muta won, Mabel F. second, Adelaide third. Time 2:11.

Holiday handicap, mile and a quarter: Sinfon won, Picnic second. Time 2:07.

Owners' handicap, one mile: Natcho B. won, Alfarati second, Initiation third. Time 1:42.

## STRANGE BANKING METHODS.

Interesting Developments in the Case of the Lumberman's Failure.

CHICAGO, Nov. 29.—[By the Associated Press.] There were more interesting developments in the investigation of the Pretzman private bank failure today. The wife of the banker testified naively that on Monday Mr. Pretzman gave her \$2500, which she converted into a draft and forwarded to her mother in New York. Steps will be taken to stop its payment. H. H. Bishop, partner of Pretzman in the lumber firm, told with great unconcealed how he has purchased various pieces of real estate with money drawn from Pretzman's bank, and shortly before the failure he sold two houses worth \$14,000 to Treasurer Stinson, of the lumber company, for a nominal consideration, and Mr. Stinson at once turned them over to Bishop's wife for a like amount.

## Sensational Damage Suits.

CHICAGO, Nov. 29.—Two suits, one for \$50,000 and the other for \$100,000 damages were begun in the Circuit court today against Robert A. Davis, a man of considerable wealth residing in South Chicago. In the first case Mrs. Matilda Bruns and her husband sue Davis for alleged libel. The second action is brought by Mrs. Bruns individually for alleged breach of promise and seduction. Davis was formerly premier of Manitoba, Canada.

## A Verdict of Manslaughter.

PRESCOTT (A. T.), Nov. 29.—The trial of George W. Young on a charge of murder for killing Charles W. Beach in September, 1889, closed today, resulting in a verdict of manslaughter, recommending him to the mercy of the court. The defendant set up insanity as a defense. The jury found that he was sane, but that the killing was done under great provocation.

## Chief Hennessy's Assassins.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 29.—When the Italians now under indictment for the murder of Chief Hennessy were called before the bar today, their counsel moved to quash the indictment on the ground that an outsider, John T. Michael, not entitled to be present, was in the Grand Jury room during the investigation. The matter will be argued next week.

## Sugar Trust Cases.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Before Justice Cullen, in the Kings County Supreme court, this afternoon, another phase of the sugar trust matter was argued. A motion was made for a stay of proceedings pending the appeal from the order refusing to vacate the interlocutory judgment. The judge took the matter under advisement.

## The Order Strictly Obeyed.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 29.—Hon. E. M. Hewins of Cedarvale reports that the cattle are practically all off the Cherokee strip; that when sun sets tomorrow night the closest inspection will fail to show a single instance where President Harrison's order has been disobeyed.

## CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Looking for a Market for Coal—Additional Exhibits.

There were the usual number of visitors at the Chamber of Commerce rooms yesterday. Among them was S. A. Slemmons of Corley, Cal., who is in Los Angeles for the purpose of getting information as to shipments of coal to this city. He is largely interested in coal mines near Gallup, and says he can give the people of this vicinity better coal for less money than they are now getting. The case will be looked into by J. E. Pleasant of Santa Ana displays samples of Angola goat hair (mohair) from his goat ranch. The goat out this year from his goat and kids net some 6000 pounds, the market value of which is 40 cents per pound. He claims the expense

is less than sheep-raising, and much more satisfactory.

Mrs. J. W. Crawford has placed a case of orange peaches on the exhibit. J. E. Wilson displays a sample of South Sea Island cotton raised on his place at Santa Fe Springs, which she claims can be done in that line on mesa land in California. This was raised without cultivation or irrigation.

D. O. Gray of Norwalk, exhibits a fine sample of King Phillip corn, the seed of which was planted in June.

D. H. Turner displays lemons and cotton raised at Gladstone, and Mrs. A. B. Husk pine cones from Alvarado county.

Fruitland is now supplying her tables with citrus fruits. H. Van Nest furnishes lemons, and H. Kelsnyder lemons and limes.

C. M. Wells and H. Jay Hanchette will represent Los Angeles and present her case at the State Board of Agriculture at Sacramento, December 3.

The Farmers' Alliance held their regular meeting in the chamber yesterday.

## THE SUPERVISORS.

Business Transacted at Their Session Yesterday.

At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors yesterday, on motion of Supervisor Martin, W. T. Collier was directed to attend to the placing of sixteen concentrators in the cupola of the Courthouse, at a cost not to exceed \$50.

The petition of the Main-street and Agricultural Park Street Railroad to run an electric street railroad over certain roads in Ballona township was set for hearing December 11.

There being a contest over the election of the justice of the Peace in Culver's township, the election board of Monte Vista precinct were ordered subpoenaed to appear before the supervisors to testify in regard to the matter.

The officers of Santa Gertrude Irrigation District having failed to qualify, the following were appointed in their stead: Directors, First District, C. C. Mason; Second District, A. C. Hazard; Third District, J. S. Baker; Fourth District, J. C. Clark.

## BILLY EMERY'S JAUNT.

His Thrilling Experience as a Mountaineer.

The party of young men from the Western Union and Postal Telegraph offices styling themselves the "Old Time Coaching Club," had an experience yesterday on their trip to the Santa Anita Cañon, which was somewhat out of the usual run of their generally quiet picnics.

It was about noon, after going through all the necessary culinary operations at the camp in the cañon, George Holt of the Postal and W. S. Emery of the Western Union, had the idea of the upper end of the cañon to test their eyes upon the scenery. Their view at that point being somewhat limited, Mr. Holt suggested that they climb a short way up the mountain. The attempt to act upon this suggestion was, however, for some time a dismal failure. The steep and perpendicular walls of the cañon baffled all the efforts of the amateur mountaineers. But after hard work Mr. Emery secured a resting-place some forty feet above the ground, and was happy for a time, but on attempting to descend found it easier said than done, so waving an efficient friend to assist him, he was lowered by a rope. Billy continued his scramble up the mountain, expecting to come out somewhere. After five hours of hard work he did succeed in reaching the top of the mountain, and was met by a fall and ducking in the ice cold water.

The other boys in the meantime had been hunting and killing and eating themselves hoarse in hopes of helping his return to camp. They were just about to organize a search party, fearing an accident, when Billy came into camp with evidences of his little jaunt. As it was, they had succeeded in making it known to the town that the boys of the Postal and Western Union were not to be trifled with. Billy was thoroughly disgusted at the number of people who stopped the party on their way home to inquire after the lost boy. But he draws the line at being introduced as Charlie Ross.

## A Nationalistic Correction.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 27.

Editor I seen in this morning times that H. G. Wiltshire had gone to Europe which I thought was a pity. I am the editor of the Nationalistic paper has come to New York in answer to a call from the Socialist or Nationalist party to speak in that city for the next 24 hours. I suppose that he is the great centering there of the Socialist for the next 24 years for to rally for 93 there has gone from this city 4 workers for that purpose. I am sure that the party will be a number please insert this for the benefit of those that wish to know where they are and Oblige W. M. Whitford.

## East Side Notes.

Robert McArthur has withdrawn his name from the County Council and announced himself out of the race. He hopes that no persons will waste their votes on him.

The eastern approach of Downey-avenue bridge was discovered to be on fire Friday night about 11:30 o'clock. It might have been caused by a lighted cigar unintentionally dropped.

Another complaint comes to the front as a result of plucking from the stores on Downey avenue, and especially taking goods from the front of stores in broad daylight. The boys are spotted, and their parents are better look out for the youngsters who get into trouble.

Mrs. Forestry returned to her home at Santa Monica yesterday after a few days' visit to her sister, Mrs. P. S. Williams of Pasadena avenue.

Mr. Lewis of Rockville is spending the winter with his sister, Mrs. Gammell, on Siebel street.

## Found Dead at the Depot.

This morning at 2 o'clock an unknown man was found dead at the San Fernando street Depot. He is a laboring man and could not be identified. The coroner will hold an inquest today.

## Voters of the Third Ward.

If you wish an honorable representative to the Board of Education, see that the name of E. Wineburgh is on your ticket.

Off & Vaughn, the druggists at the corner of Fourth and Main streets, comes to the front in this morning's issue with an announcement of their business. Messrs. Off and Vaughn are regarded by physicians as among the most skillful prescription druggists in the city, and as they both give their personal attention to this important line of their business, their success in this line is very great. Their store is regarded as one of the most reliable drug stores in the city, and all their goods are so on their merits as to strictly pure and reliable. A perusal of their advertisement will prove interesting reading.

## When You Want.

To make your money go as far as in buying Furniture, Carpets, or other household goods, just call and let us try to help you out in this line.

W. E. BEESON, 25-27 W. First St.

## Read This.

We have quit the auction and commission business and have just received a beautiful assortment of CIGARS, CIGARETTES, Linoleums, etc. They are for sale too.

W. E. BEESON, 25-27 W. First St.

Ladies, before buying Christmas goods elsewhere, please call and see my elegant hand-made and pressed handkerchiefs and other cases. Flashes, cards and wraps in great variety. Call and see my goods on order on any material on short notice and half price. Call and be convinced. Take Boyie Heights car to Mont.

MRS. KADISH, Cor. New York and Mont.

If you want a suit fit without being changed, made to go to R. S. & Son, 213 Spring St., under Holbeck hotel.

Go to R. S. & Son to get your clothing made in first-class style and workmanship. No. 213 Spring St., under Holbeck hotel.

Mrs. Hattie Gordon, 315 Pritchard street, East Los Angeles, was the lady who won the French doll given away by the Kahn Aaron of the Lace House, holding tickets 75,701 to 75,720.



## A Laxative Tonic.

Is the best, most palatable, and most effective remedy ever produced. Removes the causes of disease and discomfort without nausea or griping. Is prompt and gentle in action, and thoroughly cleanses the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. Acts as an appetizer, assimilates the food, renovates the system, and prevents sickness. Cures Indigestion, Habitual Constipation, Piles and Biliousness, and removes Headaches, Fevers and Colds; purifies the blood and clears the complexion. Those who take California Fruit Syrup once will never use anything else. Is a family remedy, equally suitable for men, women and children. Can be taken at any time. Sold in bottles 50c and \$1.00.

For sale by all druggists. Take no substitute.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE

CALIFORNIA FRUIT SYRUP CO.

San Francisco and Los Angeles, Cal.

Sole Agents for Los Angeles.

F. W. BRAUN & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Los Angeles.

## ASSAULT TO MURDER.

A Warrant issued for the Arrest of Pat Connolly.

A warrant was yesterday issued for the arrest of Pat Connolly upon a charge of having committed an assault with intent to murder.

It seems that Connolly has a ranch just beyond the university. Upon this ranch is a placard "No Trespassing." Recently Connolly observed several young boys shooting upon his field. He proceeded to fire a shot at the boys, and one of them got peppered in the leg. Not content with this Mr. Connolly had the boys arrested for trespassing. The result is that he is now himself arrested upon the serious charge above stated.

## Battered His Wife.

Mrs. R. Slaughter appeared at the District Attorney's office yesterday and asked for a warrant for the arrest of George S. Slaughter, who was charged with battery. Mrs. Slaughter stated that she resided at No. 713 Davis street. She said that she was sitting at home with a friend drinking wine when her husband came in and objected. The visitor then left and her husband strangled her. A warrant was issued for his arrest on a charge of battery.

## Engineer's Ham's Death.

Coroner Weldon yesterday held an inquest on the body of George P. Ham, the unfortunate engineer of the Potomac block, who was instantly killed Friday afternoon by falling from a platform just beneath the skylight, while oiling the running-gear of the elevator. No facts were brought out beyond what have already been published, and the jury returned a verdict of accidental death. The funeral will take place today, under the direction of the A. O. U. W.

## An Aromatic Fragrance.

Is imparted to the mouth by the use of SOZODONT. It is beyond doubt the cleanest, purest and best wash ever offered to the public. SOZODONT and comfort are synonyms. It cleanses the cavities in the enamel of the teeth.

## For the Holidays.

A. P. Newkirk, whose studio is at 412 South Spring street, and who is recognized as one of the most capable photographers in Los Angeles, will from this date till the close of the present year, furnish a full life-size portrait (14x22 inches) for \$5.00 each and "cub notes" for \$1.00 per dozen. Although these prices are below the cost of the work, he is anxious to be first-class in every respect—fully up to the highest standard of the art at the present day. You are invited to call and examine specimens of his work.

## The James M. Miller Lecture.

Clara Hooker Smith will lecture in the Los Angeles Theatre on the subject of "Artistic Dress and Physical Culture." Friday, December 5, at 8 p. m. The lecture has been put at this hour in order that the large body of Normal High School girls may attend. The American woman today has a deep interest in physical culture and this lecture is worthy a good hearing from the Los Angeles ladies.

Mrs. Smith exhibits some lovely costumes, and many will find this alone worth the admission of 50 cents.

## REMEMBER.

Between Third and Fourth street, on Spring, you will find Dr. Charles A. White, the specialist in all the diseases of men. The only office using X-ray Power in this city. Handsome specimens at the door. Lady attendant. See Italia Espinosa.

## Coffee.

We buy our coffees, green and roast fresh every few days. Try our fine Mocha and Java or Costa Rica, or old Golden Rio.

809 N. & K. CHILDRESS, 528 and 540 S. Spring.

## California Fruit Syrup is a Laxative Tonic.















NINTH YEAR.

LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1890.—TWELVE PAGES.

PRICE: (Single Copies 5 Cents; By the Week, 3 Cents.)

# JACK THE SKIMMER.

The Long-eared Creature of the Western Plains.

HOW CONEJO DE JACK IS HUNTED

There are Three Killing Methods—Coursing Clubs in the West—When Cooked Properly He Makes a Fine Dish.

[COPYRIGHT, 1890—FOR THE TIMES.]  
The jack-rabbit as a factor in the sporting economy of this country has been somewhat neglected. This neglect has come about through misrepresentation on the part of his human neighbors. The Westerner around whose memory there clings the flavor of buffalo hump naturally despises the humble creature with the ears of a jackass and the hind legs of a kangaroo.

Now the truth is that from the sportsman's or the gourmand's point of view the jack-rabbit is worthy of consideration.

There are three recognized methods of encompassing the destruction of the jack, viz., coursing, shooting from a hunting buggy and "snow-tracking." Of these the first furnishes the most excitement, the second the greatest fun and rabbits and the third the maximum of exercise.

The coursing club is nowadays an institution of pretty nearly all well-regulated towns in the neighborhood of which the jack flourishes. Where such clubs exist their membership rolls will be found to contain the names of the majority of the leading citizens.

They contain in a good many cases the social elements which are the raison d'être of the club proper of the East. The more ambitious of these organizations have their own "parks." Others content themselves with the chances afforded by the plains. A "park" is one or two sections of prairie within easy distance of the city in which the headquarters of the club, its 640 or 1,280 acres, as the case may be, are inclosed by stout wire fencing and netting eight to ten feet high—a necessary precaution, for the jack can jump as well as sprint. In the center of the park is an oval patch of half a dozen acres or so, also inclosed. This last is sown with alfalfa or timothy, and in it are kept the rabbits, of which the club can always obtain a plentiful supply from farmers' boys at 10 cents per head. A keeper is on guard day and night at the preserve, for hawks and buzzards and coyotes would make short work of the imprisoned jacks unless the latter had human protection.



A knowing hound taking observations.

The greyhounds used in the sport are either imported or the descendants of famous English stock. At Hutchinson, Kan., for example, two-thirds of the dogs used by the club of that town have been ridden, driven or walked in to see the fun. The Victor, Belladonna and Cybele strains are equally numerous.

The clubs have their informal and regular meetings. At the former no prize but a certain amount of mild betting observes. At the meeting proper the proceedings are conducted in accordance with rules almost identical with those of the English organizations.

The sport is undeniably fascinating. Let us imagine a field day of one of these better-appointed clubs. It is 10 a. m., the sky is of the vivid blue peculiar to the Western regions, the air is like molten champagne, and the atmosphere is so transparent that from a slight elevation one can see across the plains thirty, forty, or fifty miles away. At the lower edge of the park in the long line of spectators that have ridden, driven or walked in to see the fun. In advance of them is the kennel-master with his assistants, each of whom hold a brace of greyhounds in a leash. Further up the field are two judges, mounted on sturdy bronchos. At the side of them is the "slipper" receiving his final instructions. At length all is ready, the "slipper" holding two of the dogs by their leashes, advances slowly along and up to the park. A certain number of rabbits have been driven out of the preserve earlier in the day, and at the moment are hiding somewhere among the cactus and buffalo grass ahead. Behind the slipper come the judges, and in the rear the spectators, the crowd who are kept at a sufficient distance from the dogs by field marshals. Suddenly what looks like a gigantic greyish butterfly begins to flit over the prairie fifty yards away. It is a jack and "it" describes his method of progression more accurately than any other term. The dogs have caught sight of him and are straining at their leashes until the fore feet are lifted from the ground and the slipper dignifies his heels into the prairie to resist their tuggings. "Slip," yells one of the judges when the quarry has had sufficient law. The leash gives with a zipl and the dogs turn a somersault through their sudden releasing. They are up instantly, however, and head for the speck in the distance. The rabbit is 300 yards away, and has paused for a moment. He sits up on his hind legs, dangles his absurd little fore-paws and cocks his great ears in the direction of his pursuers. That instantaneous survey is enough, and once more he is glancing over the sparse grass as lightly as a windblown globe of thistle-down. The greyhounds gain on him, however, and no wonder, for he is going at such a terrific speed that the judges, ride as hard as they will, are left far in the rear. A few yards only now separate pursuers and pursued. Now the left-hand dog is almost within touch, another second, and snap! the greyhound's jaws have closed on air. The jack has, at the critical moment, turned sharply to the right—"doubled" in sporting parlance. The dogs with circling tails make frantic efforts to slacken up. The rabbit has gained a dozen yards by his maneuver. Again the chase is renewed. This time the jack doubles in the wrong direction, and evades

one set of teeth to find another awaiting him. A clever counter double that meets with cheers from the spectators.

enter into the spirit of the thing with enthusiasm, and their mad dashes from cover to cover; the sense of freedom

tators, prolongs the life of the creature for a little longer, and once more a straight chase ensues. Toward the end the affair grows more exciting. The jack finds that its only hope is in strategy. Double follows double, the angle of each growing more acute. At length there is a miscalculation, a swerving just a fraction of a second too late, a faint squeak and the teeth of the dogs are buried in the soft fur of the gallant creature. The judges are now on the spot. To avoid any possibility of suffering the rabbit's neck is broken. The dogs are secured, another brace put in the slipper's leash and a move made to an undisturbed part of the park. And so the sport goes on.



Coursing in the West.

that is the very air of the prairie, the skill of the driver in avoiding buffalo-wallows and pitfalls and the instinct of free play to that hunting instinct which is inherent in every man, makes the sport stirring in the extreme. Snow-tracking the animals is a favorite pastime of the Western small boy. It is only possible, however, when snow has freshly fallen or during a thaw. The small boy on his snowshoes rapidly overhauls the jack, and the whole thing resolves itself into finding rabbit tracks and capturing their owners. Jack-rabbit stuffed with savory herbs is excellent; put him in pot-pie and he is delicious, even if he has just a suggestion of his native sage-brush; boil him and smother him in onion sauce and you'll sing his praises; stew him in rich stock and he'll live in your memory; but serve him with other meats and he somehow suffers woefully by reason of their proximity.

HERBERT M. LONE.

## A CRECULOUS OLD MAN.

He Allows an Adventure to Fool Him Out of His Property.

Mrs. Maude Inman, sometimes called "Doctor," has been the victim of a complete case of hereticism. Mr. D. B. Benjamin, of Denver, was a stranger, and she took him in—hook him for \$1,500 cash and all the real estate he owned, about \$3,000 worth; but after all she was not smart enough to get away with the "swag." She made the mistake of trusting that sort of often-made—she stayed around too long, trusting that the shame and timidity of her victim would restrain him from applying to the law, and so the "coppers" laid hands on her just as she was leaving San Francisco.

The trial developed a curious history. Five years ago she appeared in California, and soon married Fred Inman, who had come to the city from a distant part of the world. She next slipped and was abandoned by her husband, who met D. B. Benjamin, a contractor and builder in a small way, who had been partially paralyzed.

He was 50 years old and needed sympathy, as his wife and child were in the far east. She filled him with bright hopes of fortune and restored health on the Pacific coast, and he was fascinated by the picture.

The next scene shows "Dr." Inman running an "electro-therapeutic vapor bath" establishment at 877 Mission street, San Francisco, and Mr. Benjamin as her resident patient. She told two or three of her intimate friends that she intended to "cure him up and marry him as soon as he got a divorce from his present wife."

But a discovery was made—two discoveries, in fact. He discovered that the woman he had been seduced by was not the same as the one he had been seduced by, and she discovered that the man she had been seduced by was not the same as the one she had been seduced by.

To him Mr. Benjamin made the humiliating confession that he had given Dr. Maude every dollar of his cash, and decided to her his real estate, the scheme being that the two were to establish a health home and invalid retreat on her "estate" near San Rafael. The lawyer set the detectives to work, and not an hour too soon, for "Dr." Inman and her accomplice, Viola Betts, were arrested just as they were making ready to leave the city. Part of the money had gone to furnish a house managed by the woman, part they had squandered and a remnant was recovered.

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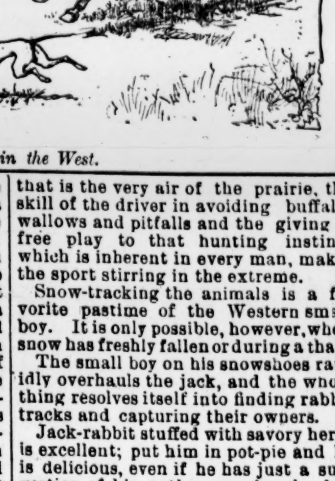
# WAS A WAYWARD KING.

William the III. Governs the Netherlands No More.

FATAL PARESIS ENDS HIS LIFE.

And the Ancient House of Orange Is Extinct—A Monarch's Long Career of Gallantry and Frivolous Pleasure.

[COPYRIGHT, 1890—FOR THE TIMES.]  
The terrible modern disease, mental paresis, has found a fresh victim in the person of William III, King of the Netherlands, who.



The late King of Holland.

according to recent cable dispatches, was practically retired from his monarchial calling by the joint action of the two branches of the Dutch Legislature shortly before his death. The wonder is that this inevitable ending of a career of reckless dissipation had not set in much earlier, for the king had attained the age of 73 years.

That William III. should have combined so many peculiar traits, promptly every species of vagary, is principally due to his ancestry on the maternal side. His mother was a daughter of the Emperor Paul of Russia, one of the most dissolute monarchs in Europe. The Dutch King's "wildness" antedates his accession to the throne in 1819. It is current talk among the Dutch that when the Prime Minister, after William II.'s death, went in search of the new sovereign, he also abroad, he found him after much difficulty traveling incognito with a French singer among the Highlands of Scotland. His married life, at least that portion of it which he passed with his first wife, a daughter of the King of Wurtemberg, was not a happy one to either husband or wife. The latter was an amiable and devoted woman, but too much of a blue-stocking to understand the king's "swag." He discovered that the woman he had been seduced by was not the same as the one he had been seduced by, and she discovered that the man she had been seduced by was not the same as the one she had been seduced by.

To him Mr. Benjamin made the humiliating confession that he had given Dr. Maude every dollar of his cash, and decided to her his real estate, the scheme being that the two were to establish a health home and invalid retreat on her "estate" near San Rafael. The lawyer set the detectives to work, and not an hour too soon, for "Dr." Inman and her accomplice, Viola Betts, were arrested just as they were making ready to leave the city. Part of the money had gone to furnish a house managed by the woman, part they had squandered and a remnant was recovered.

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# DOCTOR SAID, "QUIET."

But Fielding Needed to Get Up and Howl.

THE DELIGHTS OF BEING SICK

In a New York Flat Where the Sweet Bird of Peace Is as Extinct as the Dodo.

[COPYRIGHT 1890—FOR THE TIMES.]  
The doctor said I had overworked my brain. I thanked him, not effusively, but as a man who was accustomed to have his brain mentioned every day as a matter of course.

His diagnosis was encouraging. I had been under the impression that I had strained my back putting up the parlor stove, and had then taken cold because the malignant cast-iron thing wouldn't draw. My wife had intimated that I was not using my brain at all in putting up that stove. She had said that a stove of ordinary intelligence could out itself up in half the time.

For this reason I regarded the doctor's statement as a substantial and gratifying victory over her; I was unable to enjoy it to the full because she was not present. She had gone into the country for a few days while I looked about for a servant; and I had immediately been taken sick in the cheerless desolation of an empty home.

She departed, but the hammering remained, and the hand-organ and the children playing rough and tumble overhead. They inspired me with more delicious fancies. It seemed that if I could only get up, and howl, and blow a fish horn, and beat upon the bottom of tin pans, I should feel much relieved. There is something oppressive about being the only quiet spot in the universe.

Then came a great uproar on the stairs, followed by the noise of clanking chains in our private hall. The door opened and the two coal shovelers entered, followed by the German woman. The men were dragging their shovels.

"They say day will be paid in advance," she said.

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## SUMMER-LAND.

## Life in the Slant of the Sun on This Slope.

"The Winter of Our Content," by Charles Dudley Warner.

A Graphic Paper from Harper's Magazine for December.

Intelligent Estimate of Southern California's Climate—The Conditions That Make Life Here Desirable.

California is the land of the pine and the palm. The tree of the Sierras, native, vigorous, gigantic, and the tree of the desert, exotic, supple, poetic, both flourish within the nine degrees of latitude. These two, the widely-separated lovers of climate's song, symbolize the capacities of the State, and although the sugar-pine is indigenous, and the date-palm, which will never be more than an ornament in this hospitable soil, was planted by the Franciscan fathers, who established a chain of missions from San Diego to Monterey over a century ago, they should both be the distinction of one commonwealth, which in its seven hundred miles of indented sea coast can boast the climates of all countries and the products of all zones.

If this State of mountains and valleys were divided by east and west line, following the general course of the Sierra Madre range, and cutting off the eight lower counties, I suppose there would be conceivably in either section to maintain that it only is the paradise of the earth, but both are necessary to make the unique and contradictory California which fascinates and bewilders the traveler. He is told that the inhabitants of San Francisco go away from the draught of the Golden Gate in summer to get warm, and yet the earliest lushness of cherries and apricots which he finds in the far south market of San Diego come from the northern Santa Clara Valley. The truth would seem to be that in an hour's ride in any part of the State one can change his climate totally at any time of the year, and this not merely by changing his elevation, but by getting in or out of the range of the sea or the desert currents of air which follow the valleys.

To recommend to any one a winter climate is far from the writer's thought. No two persons agree on what is desirable for winter residence, and the inclination of the same person varies with his state of health. I can only attempt to give some idea of what is called the winter climate of Southern California, to which my observations are mainly applied. The individual who comes here under the mistaken notion that climate ever does anything more than give nature a better chance, may speedily or more tardily meet the service of a winter residence, and the invalid whose powers are responsible to kindly in dress, may find that it will be a burden. The ordinary man in ordinary health will find little that is hostile to the orderly organic processes. In order to appreciate the winter climate of Southern California one must stay here the year through, and select the days that suit his idea of winter from any of the months. From the fact that the greatest humidity is in the summer and the least in the winter months, he may want an overcoat in January, and according to the thermometer, which in January would render the overcoat unnecessary. It is dampness that causes both cold and heat to be most felt. The lowest temperatures, in Southern California, generally are caused only by the extreme dryness of the air; in the long nights of December and January there is a more rapid and longer continued radiation of heat. It must be a clear and clear night that will send the thermometer down to thirty-four degrees. But the effect of the sun upon this air is instantaneous, and the cold morning is followed at once by a warm forenoon; the difference between the average heat of July and the average cold of winter, measured by the thermometer, is not great in the valleys, foot-hills and on the coast. Five points give this result of average for January and July respectively: Santa Barbara, 65° and 75°; San Diego, 62° and 72°; Pomona, 52° and 74°; Los Angeles, 52° and 70°; San Diego, 62° and 72°. The day in winter months is warmer in the interior and the nights are cooler than on the coast, as shown by the following figures for January: 7 a. m., Los Angeles, 46.5°; San Diego, 47.5°; 3 p. m., Los Angeles, 65.2°; San Diego, 60.9°. In the summer the difference is greater. In June I saw the thermometer register 103° in Los Angeles when it was overcast in San Diego. But I have seen the weather unendurable in New York with a temperature of 85°, while this dry heat of 103° was not oppressive. The extraordinary equanimity of the marine climate (certainly the driest marine climate in my experience) will be evident from the average mean for each month, from records of sixteen years, ending in 1877, taken at San Diego, giving each month its average, beginning with January: 55.5°, 64.7°, 66.0°, 68.2°, 68.2°, 67.1°, 69.0°, 66.7°, 62.9°, 58.1°, 56.0°.

In the year 1887 the mean temperature at 3 p. m. at San Diego was as follows, beginning with January: 69.3°, 67.7°, 62.4°, 63.3°, 66.3°, 68.5°, 69.6°, 69.6°, 66.6°, 64.4°, 60.5°. For the four months of July, August, September and October there was hardly a shade of difference at 3 p. m. The striking fact in all the records is that the difference of temperature in the daytime between summer and winter is very small, the great difference being from midnight to just before sunrise, and this latter difference is greater inland than on the coast. There are, of course, frost and ice in the mountains, but the frost that comes occasionally in the low inland valleys is of very brief duration in the morning hour, and rarely continues long enough to have a serious effect upon vegetation.

In considering the matter of temperature, the rule for vegetation and for invalids will not be the same. A spot in which delicate flowers in Southern California bloom the year round may be too cool for many invalids. It must not be forgotten that the general temperature here is lower than that to which most Eastern people are accustomed. They are used to living all winter in overcast houses, and to protracted heated terms rendered worse by humidity in the summer. The dry, low temperature of the California winter, notwithstanding its perpetual sunshine, may seem, therefore, waiting to them in direct warmth. It may last years or two to accustom them to this more equable and more refreshing temperature.

Neither on the coast nor in the foot-hills will the invalid find the climate of the Riviera or of Tangier—not the tramontana wind of the former, nor the absolutely genial but somewhat over-protective climate of the latter. But it must be borne in mind that in this, our Mediterranean, the seeker for health or pleasure can find almost any climate (except the very cold or the very hot,) down to the minutest subdivision. He may try the dry marine climate of the coast, or the temperature of the fruit lands and gardens from San Bernardino to Los Angeles, or he may climb to any altitude that suits him in the Sierra Madre or San Jacinto ranges. The difference may be almost to him between a valley and a mesa which is not 100 feet high, or between a valley and the slope of a foot-hill, with a shifting of not more than fifty feet elevation, the change may be as marked for him as it is for the most sensitive young fruit tree. It is undeniable, notwithstanding the discouraging averages, that the cold snaps, though rare, do come occasionally, just as in summer there will occur one or two or three continued days of intense heat. And in the summer in some localities—it happened in June, 1890, in the San Jacinto Hills, Orange county—the desert sirocco, blowing over the Colorado furnace, makes life just about unendurable for days at a time. Yet with this dry heat sunstroke is never experienced, and the effects of the sun's rays, accompanying hot weather elsewhere are unknown. The experienced traveler who encounters unpleasant weather, heat that he does not expect, cold that he does not provide for, or dust that deprives him of his hat and of good humor, and is told that it is "exceptional," knows exactly what that word means. He is familiar with the "exceptional" the world over, and he feels a sense of comfort in the fact that the inhabitants who have not yet learned the adage, "Good wine needs no bush." Even those who have bought more land than they can pay for can afford to tell the truth.

The rainy season in Southern California, which may open with a shower or two in October, but does not set in till late in November or till December, and is over in April, is not at all a period of cloudy weather and continuous rainfall. On the contrary, bright warm days and brilliant sunshine are the rule. The rain is most likely to fall in the night. There may be a day of rain, or several days, but the rain is distributed, and the showers are soon over, and the sky clears. Yet winters vary greatly in this respect, the rainfall being much greater in some than in others. In 1880 there was rain beyond the average, and even of the equable beach of Coronado there were some weeks of weather that from the California point of view were very unpleasant. It was unpleasant by local comparison, but it was not damp and chilly, like a protracted period of winter weather on the Atlantic. The rain comes with a southerly wind, caused by a disturbance far north, and with the resumption of the prevailing westerly winds it suddenly ceases, the air clears, and neither before nor after it is the average "steamy" or enervating. The average annual rainfall of the Pacific coast diminishes by regular gradation from point to point all the way from Fugate Sound to the Mexican boundary. The rainfall at San Diego is 17.5 inches, and it steadily lessens down to Santa Cruz, 25.24 inches. At Point Conception, 33.5 inches. The rainy season in California diminishes, like the rainfall, from north to south. I have encountered it in both February and June. In the south it is apt to be most persistent in April and May, when for three or four days together there will be a fine mist which anyone but a Scotchman would call rain. Usually, however, the fog-bank will roll in during the night, and disappear by 10 o'clock in the morning. There is no wet, properly so called, and consequently few days in the winter months when it is not agreeable to be out-of-doors, perhaps not a day when one may not walk or drive during some part of it. Yet as the weather generally is so agreeable, it is impossible to strike any general average for Southern California. In 1883-4 San Diego had 27.7 inches of rain, Los Angeles (fifteen miles inland) had 38.22. The annual average at Los Angeles is 17.5 inches, and at San Diego total at San Diego was only 3.75, and at Los Angeles only 5.25. Yet elevation and distance from the coast do not always determine the rainfall. The yearly mean rainfall at Julian, in the San Jacinto range, at an elevation of 4500 feet, is 37.74; observations at Riverside, 1050 feet above the sea, give an average of 9.37.

It is probably impossible to give an Eastern man a just idea of the winter of Southern California. He is accustomed to extremes, he may expect too much. He wants a violent change. If he quits the snow, the slush, the leaden skies, the alternate sleet and cold rain of New England for the like of the tropical heat, the languor, the tropical Martineque. He will not find them here. He comes instead into a strictly temperate region; and even when he arrives, his eyes deceive him. He sees the foliage, the long lines of the eucalyptus, the feathery pepper-tree, the magnolia, the English walnut, the black live-oak, the fan-palm, in all the glory of June, everywhere beds of flowers of every hue and every color blazing in the bright sunlight—the heliotrope, the geranium, the rare hot-house roses overrunning the hedges of cypress, and the scarlet passion-vine pressing and climbing over the arched gates, the vineyard or the orchard the horticulturist is following the cultivator in his shirt-sleeves; he hears running water, the song of birds, the scent of flowers in the air, and he cannot understand why he needs winter clothing, why he is always seeking the sun, why he wants a fire at night. It is a fraud, he says, all this visible display of summer, and of an almost tropical summer at that; it is really a cold winter, and I think he is right. He should be looking at a date-palm in his overcoat, and he is puzzled that a thermometer heat that should enervate him elsewhere, stimulates him here. The green, brilliant, vigorous vegetation, the perpetual sunshine, deceive him; he is careless about the difference of shade and sun, he gets into a draught, and takes cold. Accustomed to extremes of temperature and artificial heat, I understand and why he needs winter clothing, why he is always seeking the sun, why he wants a fire at night. It is a fraud, he says, all this visible display of summer, and of an almost tropical summer at that; it is really a cold winter, and I think he is right. He should be looking at a date-palm in his overcoat, and he is puzzled that a thermometer heat that should enervate him elsewhere, stimulates him here. The green, brilliant, vigorous vegetation, the perpetual sunshine, deceive him; he is careless about the difference of shade and sun, he gets into a draught, and takes cold. 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## OUR BOYS



Johnnie and Ted.  
On the limb of a big oak tree  
Sat two little bright-eyed boys,  
Glad and happy as they could be  
In the woods, where not a noise  
Of the town could come.  
They heard but the hum  
Of the fly and the bee.  
And the merry rattle  
Of the robin's song.  
On the soft, sunny air,  
Overhead, a million of leaves,  
On the ground, the sunshine weaves  
Bright patches of gold;  
In the grass, a bold  
Little rover was seen—  
A squirrel, gray, but not old.  
And there was the green,  
Soft grass and flowers,  
And above, the blue sky  
Just peeped through the boughs,  
While, in the green meadows, the cows  
Stood knee-high in clover.  
Oh, wasn't it nice  
To sit there in the bough,  
Swinging over the brook,  
In that still forest mood—  
May be they are sitting there now,  
ELIZA A. OTIS.

I received the following letter last week:

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 15, 1890.  
Dear Mrs. Otis: I have written this story for the boys and girls, and I hope it is not too long. I think "Up the Yukon" is fine.

Every time I write to you, you call me "baby," but I am as much baby as I can be. Maybe you thought a boy was not smart enough to write stories, so I will excuse you. Good by for now.

Your friend,  
EUGENE BURTON.

Well now, what a mistake that was for me to make. I do not know how it happened. But I beg your pardon, and henceforth I shall remember you as one of my brightest and best boys, who can write as good a story as could ever be written by a boy. I believe I have a very warm place in my heart for every one of them. But here is your story, for which I thank you:

OUR ADVENTURE.

Hall Browning, Al Brown and I were chums. Wherever one was the others were sure to be. If one knew of a nice place, find a quail he was sure to tell the others.

The adventure that I am going to tell you about happened last summer. There was an old deserted mine about a mile from where we lived, which was said to be haunted, and one of the boys of Fort Hillwood's school could be hired to go near there after dark, no more by daylight.

One noon we boys were talking about it, when Ed Fleming spoke up and said:

"Old Uncle Josh said he was passing the mine one time he saw a spook come up the shaft and it yelled at him."

Uncle Josh was a colored man who believed in ghosts. "Bah!" said I. "Uncle Josh was just making that up, for if there was any such things as spooks (which I know there are not) they would not show themselves by daylight, and I know that Uncle Josh never went there after dark, because he told me he would not be hired to go within a quarter of a mile from there after sundown for a thousand dollars."

"That's where you are right," said Al and Hall together.

"Well, since you know so much about it, suppose you go into the mine next Saturday," said Ed sullenly.

"That's what's the matter," said several boys at once.

"All right, then I'll go," said I.

"And I will go with you," said Al.

"And I," added Hall. "O we'll see how bravely you'll go Saturday," laughed Ed. I am not a coward, anyhow," I said, as we turned to go to school.

That night the Graystone bank and Squire Hogan's house were robbed, and no clue to the robbers could be obtained. The police were excited over the event, for a small place like Greystone never before heard of a robbery in its midst. The loss of the bank was twenty thousand dollars, and if the money was not recovered it would ruin the bank. Squire Hogan was the richest man in Greystone, and his loss was ten thousand dollars. He offered a reward of one thousand for the return of his money, and the president of the bank offered two thousand dollars. The police offered one thousand for the arrest of the burglar or burglars, and of course we boys wished we could get it.

Saturday morning turned out to be nice and warm, and we boys made our way to the mine. We each carried a revolver, a bull's eye lantern and a long rope. There was only one entrance to the mine, and that was a shaft eight feet square, and which extended fifty feet into the ground. After lighting our lanterns we made our way down the shaft by means of a ladder that was built on the sides of the shaft.

After fastening one end of the rope to the bottom of the ladder we made our way slowly along a passage about five feet high and four feet wide. We kept hold of one end of the rope so as not to lose our way.

After walking for ten or fifteen minutes we came to a large cave, about twenty feet square and seven feet high. At the farthest end were two more passages like the first, one going to the right and the other to the left.

Al said we ought to follow the song, "Keep to the right boys," and take the right-hand passage, so we proceeded on our way. We had not been walking a quarter of an hour when Hall, who was leading, stopped and whispered, "Keep still; there is somebody ahead of us," and sure enough, we could plainly hear someone talking.

"Let's go on and find out who they are," said Al.

So we quietly made our way toward the spot from which the sound proceeded, shutting our light off before starting.

In a few moments we came to the end of the passage and there was a hole in the wall, and a light on the other side. We cautiously looked in

and there on a couple of stools, a box with a candle on it in front of them, sat two of the toughest-looking men I ever met. They were about thirty years old, with long shaggy hair and dirty faces. The place they were in was a cave about six feet square and seven high. In one corner was a stove that I should judge was at least a quarter of a century old, and on the ground were a couple of rifles and revolvers, while upon the box were about a half a dozen rolls of greenbacks and piles of gold and silver coin.

Listening we heard one of the men say:

"That was a pretty sleek haul we made the other night, wasn't it, Jim?"

"Yer bet yer neck it war. Who will we tackle tonight, Bill?"

"Reckon we better try Judge Browning," replied Jim. "The judge was out of town last night, an' that aint anybody in their house nights but two women folks and a kid, an' we'll settle them if they get troublesome. I reckon I know how."

I motioned for the boys to come back, and we made our way sufficiently far to be beyond hearing, and then we commenced to talk. Of course they were the men who robbed Squire Hogan and the bank, and we wondered how they came through them. We decided that three of us would rush through the opening of the cave, and while two of us covered them with our revolvers, one of us would tie their hands, and in that way capture them. So we split up, and we were back. I was the one to tie them.

At a signal from me all we made a rush inside. The men were so surprised to see three revolvers leveled at them that they could not get their guns.

"Hold up your hands!" said Al, bravely, and they promptly did so.

And I proceeded to tie them. My how those fellows did swear. The men marched them through the passage to the mouth of the cave, and I went ahead up the ladder, then came the two men, then the boys.

We untied the prisoners' hands so they could climb up the ladder, and then they went up to the top.

Then we proudly marched them along the street to the police station where they were locked up. Next morning the papers had the whole story, and our names were in the afternoon we led the money, which was all there, the prisoners not having had time to spend any of it.

That night we received our reward—four hundred dollars.

Weren't we rich?

The prisoners were sent to prison for a term of years and I hope will come out better men. How we spent our money I will tell you some other time.

EDWARD E. BURTON.

This is an exciting story, but don't you think, Eugene, that it was a little risky to untie the hands of the prisoners so that they might climb the shaft?

"I don't know how it happened. But I beg your pardon, and henceforth I shall remember you as one of my brightest and best boys, who can write as good a story as could ever be written by a boy. I believe I have a very warm place in my heart for every one of them. But here is your story, for which I thank you:

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## LAY SERMONS.

Life might be made a very beautiful thing if there were not so much selfishness in it. It is the living for self alone, that spoils the life of the individual who so lives. Just so soon as we forget self and our hearts go out to thoughts of others' weal then they overflow with gladness. The gift of recompense always comes in this way.

The sun pours its flood of light and warmth day after day, but it misses nothing from its fullness in so doing. Its beams are effulgent as in the beginning. And how much of beauty and splendor is quickened into being by its rays. So it is with us, the more of love for others we pour out, so much the more of gladness, and warmth and delight rolls in upon our souls. God is love, and if we would be like Him we shall love. Every instance of need, of want, of suffering, and of loneliness and sorrow will appeal to us, and if we give but the cup of cold water, but the tender word, if that be all we have to give, we shall be filled with the recompense of gladness.

Life is not given us simply for our own selfish use. We cannot be independent of those about us any more than the tall, swaying trunk of the tree can be independent of its green and swaying branches, or the thousand leaves and flowers which are separated from the branches to which they are dependent.

In all of God's great universe there is no object so needing our commiseration as the utterly selfish man. In so far as it is possible for a human being to be so, he is the most wretched of his life. He is not touched by human sympathies. He is dead to the emotions of pity and of kindness, and he has no god but his own selfish and miserable self. How tightly does he draw his shutters against the world, and how tightly does he shut himself out from the love of his fellow-men.

But the majority of men are unconsciously selfish, and that cost them nothing as well as those, the giving of which require sacrifice. Better than gold or jewels are tender and loving words to those who love us. More satisfying are they than fame, or place, or power. They are like the sunshine, and its food. They give strength to the toiler. They quicken ambition, and impel to effort. To know that our friends believe in us and love us fills us with confidence and courage.

But O, how rarely are we sometimes of kind words! How many hearts are there to whom they would be sweeter than the dew of the morning, which are parched, and fevered with their long, hot days. How many hearts are there, who would be glad to have the words of loving tenderness which shall find their end.

The beauty, the glory and the gladness of heaven will be love. It is the love of God, which is the light and the life. But heaven might be brought a great deal more into our daily earthly life. The sunshine of love might warm us everywhere. Instead of the melody of harp we might have in our homes forever the melody of spoken kindness. We might draw into nearer and more intimate communion. We might let our lives blend in sweetness and fullest sympathy. We might answer every heart-beat and satisfy every yearning for sympathy and tenderness. We could pour out again and again the pure wine of consolation for the needy, the sick and the sorrowing. We could make our lives a way before the world, embodying love and His divine compassion. How much better would that be than all vain professions without works. How much better than living for selfish gratification and the accumulation of riches.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren ye have done it unto me."

How much force there is in this teaching. It means that the love of God, which is the light and the life, it implies satisfaction with us and pardon, and that infinite delight in us which will bring us into the household of the Infinite Father—into one of the "Many Mansions."

Look at it closely and you will discover that there is nothing in God's great universe so divine, so supreme as love, and that the more of love there is in us the more we like the Infinite.

Love is grander than intellect, stronger than strength, and as enduring as the eternal years.

Introducing a Queen.

The following query was recently answered in the American Bee Journal:

"In dividing for increase will it be advisable to introduce a queen into the queenless portion of the artificial swarm immediately after dividing, or would it be better to wait a few days before doing so?"

Messrs. Cook, Vialon, Dandant, Dibbern, Doolittle, Mason, Pond and Mahin all expressed a preference for introducing a queen at once when practicable. R. L. Taylor said: "For introducing virgin queens I would have the colonies queenless seven days. Introduce laying queens at once in a cage." Mrs. Harrison said: "Introduce the first night after dividing." James Heddon said: "At least, no one can lay down a rule for introducing queens. Everything depends upon the immediate condition and circumstances."

The editor answered: "Introduce a laying queen in a cage at once, so that each part of the divided colony may have good queen, and may continue to build up by increasing numbers."

Over-Feeding.

Many flocks come from causes least suspected. It often happens that birds in well managed yards often do not thrive. The poultry first get lame, then droopy, lose color in the comb, and in a few weeks get very weak. They generally die. The result is due to over-feeding. The birds have been first made, which has debilitated them, and made them susceptible to other and fatal diseases. The birds should be made to hunt for their food during the greater part of the day. This gives them exercise and keeps them in health. A variety of food in moderate quantities and good exercise in hunting for it during part of the time, will cure them of such maladies. The pullets for next season should now be selected. All those hatched early in Spring that do not begin to lay by December, at the latest, should be killed off. Those that do lay should be kept in proper condition for laying.

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

HOW PATTI MADE HER FIRST APPEARANCE, DOLL IN ARMS.

Women as Court Stenographers—Marriage Tableaux—Woman Lifted to a Higher Level—The Newest Fad—The Fashions in Hosiery.

Almo, Patti, like many of her sisters in art, is a brilliant conversationalist as she is gifted in song and is wont to entertain her guests at Craig-y-nos with many anecdotes of her early life. Long before she could speak, the diva declares, she was able to sing all the airs which she had heard her mother rehearsing with the director of the opera, and so correct was her ear that she could detect the slightest falsity of intonation, and showed her displeasure by shaking her head at the delinquent.

Nothing delighted her so much as to be allowed to go to the opera when her parents were performing in New York, and on returning home, after having been put to bed, she would creep out again when all in the house were fast asleep, and perform the whole opera to the best of her ability by the light of a flickering taper.

When Patti was about 7 years old she well remember seeing her father in great distress on the point of parting with a diamond ornament he possessed, so that his children might not want for bread. Like lightning an idea flashed through her childish brain.

"Papa," she exclaimed, "you just give a concert, and I will sing!"

Signor Patti laughed heartily at the idea, but so persistently did the little Adelina entreat that her wishes should be granted that at length consent was given. Signora Patti placed the long hair of her tiny daughter and powdered her round brown cheeks. She had many misgivings when the hour arrived for her to be dressed for her first concert, but the miniature prima donna, clutching her favorite doll "Henriette" tightly in her arms, was entirely mistress of herself, and curseyed with laughable dignity and importance on finding herself faced to face with her audience. Her success, as everybody knows, was immediate.—London Tit Bits.

Women as Court Stenographers.

A dispatch from Montreal says that several members of the Canadian bar have objected to the appointment of Miss Grace Eaton as official stenographer at the court house on the grounds that there is a great deal of evidence taken before the courts which is not fit for women's ears. Several of the Chicago judiciary were visited and their opinions asked as to whether this objection was well sustained. Judges Blodgett and Walter G. Grosheim were found together, and said they could see no reason why a woman should not perform the duties of stenographer.

"There are too many cases, of course," said Judge Blodgett, "where the evidence is not even fit for men's ears, but if a woman enters the arena of labor she must take chances on having her sensibilities shocked. It is recorded that in some cases where the evidence was of a particularly racy character the court room has been cleared of all women, including any female officials there might be about, but these cases are rare."

Continuing, Judge Blodgett, who also spoke for Judge Grosheim, said:

"The official stenographer of our court is a woman, and I do not remember that she has complained of the nature of the evidence which she was obliged to take down, and it was not exactly fit for publication she no doubt realized that it was simply a matter of business, nothing more. I think on this matter our Canadian conferees are a little too sensitive."—Chicago Tribune.

Marriage Tableaux.

The women of Boston gave a unique entertainment in the Hollis Street theatre. The evolution of the institution of marriage was represented through its various stages, from the marriage by capture to the imposing modern celebration of the rite.

The first tableau was the seizure of the Sabine women by the early Romans. Next was the "Marriage Market of Babylon," with thirteen pretty girls on the blocks, the auctioneer singing their praises and the nobles examining them all critically. Following this was the Indian ceremony, represented by the marriage of Pocahontas and John Rolfe, and next came the Japanese wedding represented in gorgeous style.

Then there was the Russian marriage, copied after the famous picture of the wedding feast. The husband is in the act of saluting his timid bride, who shrinks from the jokes and laughter of the guests at the table.

Next came the Dutch marriage, copied from Tenier's celebrated painting entitled "A Peasant's Wedding." In the background the wedding guests are dancing, while in front stand the happy bride and bridegroom, the husband half embracing his wife, who accepts it bashfully and awkwardly. The tableaux ended with a scene by Gretra Green—the lovers, who have arrived in time, and the irate parents, who have arrived too late.—Boston Letter.

Woman Lifted to a Higher Level.

In an address before the conference of Baltimore charities, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore said:

"The changes in the laws relating to women have been wonderful. In Massachusetts, in financial matters, the law places me on a better footing than it does my husband. The best thing about these changes, too, is that they have been wrought by men. Woman has been lifted to a higher level than I ever hoped to live to see her occupy, and it would be amazing if all these things did not bear fruit. It has borne fruit, and this conference today is one of the fruits."

Women are everywhere using their advantages in helping their neighbors. The power of organization is a new thing for us, for when I was a young woman it was not possible. In these days it was often said that woman was man's worst enemy. We do not hear it now, and if it ever was true it is not now, for today woman is man's true friend. Everywhere women are building homes in which they may carry on their work of helping those less fortunate than themselves. They will carry on the work to results we cannot see now, and of which we hardly dare dream.

The Newest Fad.

The story goes that the latest fad of the fashionable women of Fifth avenue is a rivalry in obtaining the handsomest bedstead. One which has received the envy of all the competitors is of brass, and presents a grotesque appearance. On

the top of the bedstead is a coronet supported by a canopy. One side is inclosed in a massive brass rail, and upon this the owner's monogram is worked in brass and pearl. The whole, with the blankets, quilts and linen, cost more than the residences of hundreds of less fortunate people.

Another remarkably handsome brass bedstead seen in a swell Fifth avenue mansion had the most elaborate hammered work on the entire top and sides. Gods and goddesses, little cupids and all the birds of the air were represented in great numbers. This, too, bore a crest and monogram, and cost the indulgent papa of the owner a small fortune.

Then there are bedsteads formed of various and expensive woods, richly inlaid with pearl and brass. In fact, there is no end to the variety of styles, and furniture dealers are apparently giving more of their attention to this new demand on the part of Miss Mapphattan.—New York Letter.

Fashions in Hosiery.

Although black remains the leading style for ladies, men, misses and children, yet we have had several modifications of the cast iron rule of "black only" of late. Men are wearing gray, tan and mode shades in cotton and silk, the latter for evening being prettily clocked in self colors. Children are usually dressed in black hose with all frocks, though some for best wear have stockings to match the dress. It has often been claimed that domestic hosiery is as well shaped or made as the foreign, but there is at least one firm here selling beautiful examples of silk hose made in this country.

"It is a poor foot that won't shape its own stocking," but nothing will make a tight seemed stocking comfortable. Always darn black hose with fast black darning cotton, as the others soon turn green, as do, unfortunately, many so called fast black hose. Ladies are wearing tan, gray and tartan hose with dresses to match, and some very pretty black silk hose have colored tops, heels and toes. Black cotton hose are somewhat higher in price, but it pays to buy good stockings of reliable brands."—Dry Goods Economist.

Chrysanthemums Growing in Favor.

Chrysanthemums are now very much in favor among well-to-do people. They are brilliant in color and contribute a pleasing and decorative effect to a woman's costume. The yellow ones, which are very yellow indeed, are the most highly prized. Some of the large ones are priced as high as \$1.50 each. The florists say, however, that the largest chrysanthemums in this country are very small compared with the chrysanthemums in Japan, which oftentimes attain the size of an American sunflower. The chief objection to the use of chrysanthemums heretofore has been that the color of them is not all pleasant.

Yankee ingenuity, however, has been at work on the problem suggested by this objection and some flower dealers have applied through the use of chemicals directly to the growing plant to achieve a flower which is odorless or almost so. It has been not unusual in the flower trade, it is said, to add perfume to flowers occasionally by dipping them in some fragrant essence, but the chrysanthemum case is the first case of flowers going through a process of deodorization.—Exchange.

Mrs. Weil's Cooking.

Mrs. R. F. Weil, wife of the professor of chemical surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, told us of whose death have just come from Milan was more widely known and admired than most women in strictly private life. During the civil war she was a hospital nurse at Frederick City, Md., where not only the sick and wounded Federal soldiers, but the captive Confederates as well, were tenderly cared for. Mrs. Weil was then Miss Marie Washington McPherson, whose delicate courtesy not less than her faithful nursing helped to complete the cure which the skill of Dr. Weil had begun, and whose unflinching kindness made her name a household word in hundreds of homes both north and south which she has never seen.—Harper's Bazar.

The Care of the Throat.

This is the time of year when school children begin to die of the throat. It is not well to do this, if one can possibly do without the muffling, for if once begun, it must be carried through the entire season, or colds will result. Then, too, covering the throat is apt to make it sensitive. The muscles of the throat can be strengthened by reasonable exposure. But singers and speakers should always cover the throat after singing or speaking, when going into a cold room, or into the open air. A light bit of lace, or any open work covering for the neck that will admit of ventilation, is the best protection.—New York Ledger.

No More Bracteates.

The pupils in the Philadelphia School of Practice are rebelling against an alleged outrage perpetrated by Miss Hall, the principal. It seems that some days ago that lady issued an edict to the effect that no pupils in the school are allowed to wear bracteates.

There was a vigorous protest from the larger girls, but Miss H. carried her point, and all but two pupils yielded. The parents of these two girls raised such an energetic storm of disapproval that their offspring are still permitted to dazzle their mates with a display of the ornaments.

It is claimed, however, that some of the others, while apparently complying with the new requirements, in reality wear the bracteates concealed beneath their sleeves. Being forbidden, they are naturally the most desirable things in the life of the school girls just now.

Being asked the reason for this edict, Miss Hall explained that she thinks bracteates are unnecessary on the wrists of school girls; that they are noisy and interfere with writing and other hand work. Jewelry distracts the attention of the pupils and causes envy among those who are not fortunate possessors. She also remarks that the reform may be carried still further.—Philadelphia Special.

A Handkerchief Bonnet.

If you know "what's what" you have bought yourself or made yourself a handkerchief bonnet. At least that is what they are called, but they are so small that a handkerchief would blush to find itself so insignificant. These "handkerchiefs" are really tiny strips of fancy silk that permit themselves to be twisted around a wire frame. Strips of baby ribbon, by courtesy called strings, are then fastened thereto. Handkerchief bonnets are sometimes tiny tresses

of silk, tressed and tied and pulled and twisted until it takes on the captivating semblance of a bit of scarf carelessly pinned on my lady's tresses.—Exchange.

Plants for Winter.

A pretty plant for winter decoration is a healthy young mignonette, which, when properly clipped and pruned, assumes a vigorous, trellise shape, and blooms freely all the winter. Another excellent choice for a flower lover whose space is limited is a handsome coral begonia. This plant, when allowed plenty of room, has a beautiful shape and blossoms the year through. Its foliage is almost perfect in color, and, if watered once a week with diluted ammonia water, the greens are unusually rich, and contrast finely with the dainty coral blossoms.—New York Ledger.

Effects for an Autumn Dinner.

If you intend to give a swell dinner this autumn you must devise original effects. For instance, you must issue invitations for a dinner d'automne, and trim your dining room with autumn leaves of the brightest hues obtainable. Then in the center of your table you must place a huge epergne, which you must load down with fruit set off with leaves, and at each of the four corners of the table you must place a large silver or china candelabrum, about the arms of which trail white, black and purple grapes.—Exchange.

National Mourning in Corea.

The death of the queen dowager of Corea is a matter of supreme concern to the nation. All business will be at a standstill for months, and every Corean—man, woman and child—will have to go into mourning, which, it is calculated, means at the very least, and to the poorest, a month's wages; in a country where nine-tenths of the population at any given time are on the brink of starvation.—London Tit Bits.

The clothing of the child should not bind or too much confine the body, for it will have on the mind, on the soul of the child, the same effect it has on the body. The mother who keeps long dresses half a yard below the little limbs after they begin to tangle up commits a crime against the child. Let it be as light as the requirement of warmth will allow, and free the little limbs from long dresses as soon as possible. The tight fitting trousers that are put on little boys are an abomination.

Miss Grace H. Dodge, ex-school commissioner of New York, and Miss Clara de Graffenried, clerk to the United States commission of labor, who took half of Mrs. Amelia Rivers Candler's prize for the best essay on child labor, have been making a two months' journey together in Europe to investigate the conditions and hardships of the working girl, with a view to their amelioration.

A home for women teachers was opened last fall at Dresden, Germany, in a building of its own. Teachers of any



